

Scandinavia

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FROM HOME.

Modern times have seen two great successful statesmen, Cavour and Bismarck. Cavour was at the height of modern civilization. The man who governs the most scholarly nation in the world is a barbarian. In taking Alsace and Lorraine against the will of the people, Bismarck fastened the burden of an oppressive military system and of a grievous taxation upon the whole of Europe. He has refused a constitution and parliamentary system to the people of Germany; and he has finally turned its economic policy back to the ignorant principles of more than a hundred years ago. We are not well enough acquainted with Prussian society to indicate the true reason of the enormous difference between Cavour and Bismarck. Cavour was educated in the best society of Italy and France, and imbibed by visits to England the best practical policy of his period. Berlin, on the other hand, had—probably largely from its early Huguenot immigration—excellent liberal influences without which the Brandenburgers could not have organized that powerful German state on docile Slavonic ground. Men like the two Humboldts, Varnhagen von der Ense, or a number of the excellent Prussian official class during the early part of this century from the reform period, or, lately men like von Hoffmann or von Delbrück, that we may mention—some of the names first presenting themselves to our memory—were at the height of their period. What is now the reason that the Iron Chancellor, in all his greatness as the molder of the empire, still is half-mediæval, not only in his making up with France, but in all his interior policy, in his treatment of her parliament, in his economic ignorance, and in his recent cruel expulsion of the Poles? Is this character of Bismarck and his government due to the more Eastern, somewhat brutal, character of the Prussian people, which has been only lately put by the railways in more lively communication with the cultivated West? or is it due to the peculiar character

of his class, that of the "Junkers," the poor, half-military, half-landed aristocracy of the country? It is certain that this system of Bismarck's is one of the greatest misfortunes of the present times. It not only keeps back the march of progress in the great German nation itself, but it hardly even allows its impoverished people to migrate to freer and richer countries. It also infects other portions of Europe, especially by its success in what concerns external power. It not only keeps up the military system in the French republic, thus hindering the peaceable internal progress of the French nation, but it sustains the barbarism of Russia. It exercises the most remarkable influence even in such honest and naturally liberal countries as those of Scandinavia, where the literary and the whole intellectual life so long has been wont to receive its national impression from their southern neighbor. This system of militarism and internal oppression excites everywhere the opposite extreme: socialism and other too radical tendencies.

We have already in several ways noticed this unfortunate German influence on Scandinavian thought and practical life. Some few of the leading men—especially of the great Swedish and Danish land-holders—have probably been personally influenced from German connections. The literary life is just at present probably more influenced from France than from any other country. Only a few are—like the excellent young Danish philosopher, Professor Höfding, or like the former editor and later diplomat, C. S. A. Bille—decidedly English in their preferences. Christiania, the capital and university city of Norway, seems still to keep up remarkable German tendencies, and even the professors in Copenhagen, who do not particularly love Germany, are still really pre-eminently German in the way they regard both science and life. The press of Scandinavia has fairly held its own compared with that of Germany. At present we notice, however, both in Denmark and Nor-

way, articles too often treating, for instance, economical matters with the same lack of true understanding and sound common sense which is the rule in Germany. In Copenhagen, *Dagbladet* used to be the most prominent newspaper. It has of late had leading articles concerning the depression in agriculture owing to American competition, which the paper formerly—such as during Mr. Bille's editorship—would never have deigned to give room. An economic review of the past year in the same paper is by its actuality and good judgment at present rather an exception. The same is the case with a lecture which a merchant—by the name of Michelsen, if we remember rightly—lately delivered in the scientific society of Bergen, on the subject of the present low prices, and in which he discussed the real influence of gold and silver and the natural consequences of the advance towards cheaper production. This, too, is an exception, compared with numerous Norwegian newspaper articles, or with formerly mentioned utterances about the same matter by the most prominent Danish merchants.

Eminently characteristic is the constant demand for a protective tariff, especially for higher duties on grain and other agricultural products. The Swedish Riksdag last year voted such propositions down; but they are now again brought forward, and will be one of the main subjects before the Riksdag of this year. Lately numerous meetings in the southern grain-producing portion of Sweden have pronounced in its favor, and King Oscar is reported to have answered a protectionist deputation that he—although a free-trader by conviction—recognized the importance of reciprocity. We admit, however, that we are surprised, notwithstanding all that we have seen of recent Danish political abnormities, when recently the Danish Minister of Finance and Premier, Mr. Estrup, went so far in his imitation of Bismarck that he introduced a bill proposing a protective tariff on Indian corn and barley, and on the classes of sugar which especially compete with the Danish beet-sugar. The government would, on the other hand, give up the duty on coal—a new bonus to the factories, which ought hardly to be given without an adequate decrease of their present protection. Danish farmers and landed proprietors are at present, like those of other countries, embarrassed by the competition of the United States. Now, instead of assisting them by cheapening their production, abolishing the heavy duties on lumber, iron and everything else they have to use, besides,

furthermore, in several ways developing the peculiar branches in which they excel, the government of Mr. Estrup proposes to help them by taxing to the amount of 75 ore—or about 20 cents—per 100 pounds Indian corn and barley, which of late have been imported, to be again transformed into more valuable butter or beef. One reason given for this is that a good deal of maize is being used by distilleries and barley by breweries. But then, again, more valuable malt barley can be exported, and, besides, the breweries and distilleries are among the few natural industries of the country which ought rather to be specially assisted. Mr. Estrup has so much intelligence and knowledge that it is hard to understand how he himself can believe in propositions like these; but it was a strong bid for the farmer vote of the Rigsdag. It is with great satisfaction that we notice a dispatch stating that the Folkething, or Lower House, notwithstanding its great majority of farmers, at once rejected the bill. This house has formerly always followed the free-trade economists, and we are glad to see that it has not in this important matter succumbed to class interests. All former governments have for a long period been in favor of free-trade. It is characteristic that the same government which thinks it can advance its cause by provisional laws about the police and against the press, and by its numerous paltry prosecutions, has also tried to introduce Bismarck's economical reaction in its worst forms.

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The deadlock in the Danish parliamentary life has called forward three propositions for constitutional changes. One from the government will provide for a joint committee to decide in case of an absolute disagreement concerning necessary grants in the budget between the two houses, with an equal number of ten members chosen by simple majority from each house, and, in case of a tie vote, with the curious remedy, as a last decision, of deciding the question by lot. This proposition is a continued recognition of the present equal legal rights of the two houses; and, if favor is shown to any side, it is rather to that of the Upper House, whose influences usually in the budget has been much less than that of the Lower House, because the latter has the right of first introducing the budget, and generally, through the exercise of this right, and through holding the budget until near the end of the session, has exercised preponderating influence. As the situation is between

the Cabinet and the Folkething, it was natural that the propositions of the government should be at once thrown out in the lower branch of the Rigsdag.

Another more practical proposition was moved by Mr. Klein, a former Minister and member of the Supreme Court, and one of the members of the former Right—the old “Nationalliberale”—who for a while evidently has been opposed to the high-handed actions of the Cabinet, and who on several occasions has favored a middle course between the two parties. He merely makes absolutely practical recommendations about such a joint committee (for instance, he excludes minority reports), but without the decision by lot, and, therefore, also without relieving the two houses from the necessity of agreement. Besides this, he also wants, according to necessity shown by recent experience, to have several new provisions concerning the provisional laws, especially one fixing their termination. These constitutional changes will, however, if it has not already been done, be rejected by the Left.

Finally our friend, Mr. C. Juel, member of the Supreme Court of Sleswick prior to the conquest of that duchy by Germany, proposes what we already have advocated two years ago in this review, viz.: The Swedish “plenum” or joint vote of the two houses in cases of absolute necessity like that of the budget. This really would give preponderance to the Folkething, because it has a larger membership—at present 102 votes against 66 in the Landsting—but hardly more than what is natural. Neither this rule, however, can at present become a law. It is rather more persons than laws which are needed. Nothing can end the deadlock but the dismissal of the Cabinet.

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The Scandinavian countries have, like all other civilized nations, followed with interest recent political events in England. For many reasons the sympathy of the Scandinavian majorities are naturally with the great English Liberal party. One practical reason is that the Liberals are most solidly in favor of free trade, even if it has only been an entirely insignificant and now about wholly defeated Tory minority who were in favor of “fair trade.” The Conservatives have always been more inclined to hinder, according to alleged sanitary reasons, the free importation of cattle, so important for Scandinavia. Other more general reasons are, of course, the whole progressive tendency of the Liberals. Still the sentiment during the election and at the change of Cabinet is not all

unmixed. The foreign policy of the Liberals has always been vacillating. The Scandinavian nations, as all other countries on the continent excepting Russia, have in this respect by far preferred the Conservatives. Especially has the Marquis of Salisbury, from the very beginning of his political career, been a staunch friend of the true interests of Scandinavia.

N. C. FREDERIKSEN.

THE FUTURE OF “SCANDINAVIA.”

In entering upon the third year of its life the publishers of this review take occasion to announce to its family of readers their plans for the future in the matter of its publication, in order that the public may know what to expect, both in its business conduct and its editorial aims. That the field of usefulness of SCANDINAVIA is constantly broadening, and its range of usefulness rapidly extending, is the fact which buoys its conductors on in the work that has been set before them. How satisfactory the results of their labors may be to the persons engaged in it, and how well received their efforts may be, only the years to come can determine; but it is the desire of its founder and of its present owners that it may stand as a literary monument in this new world and civilization to the part that has been taken by Scandinavia's sons and daughters in that life and development.

It is safe to say that none of the distinct races of people who are entering into the life-blood of America make better citizens of the republic than the Scandinavians, and none are more earnestly loyal to its principles than they. The struggles of the earliest of the newcomers to our shores for a home and share in the benefits of a free government have resulted in a degree of comfort on the one hand barely possible in the old world, and of a growth in citizenship alike gratifying to the great mass of new citizens and the form of government they are assisting to conduct. With this growth of Scandinavian influence on American life has come a desire to have the merits of the scholars, writers, scientists and thinkers of the three mother-nations better known and appreciated by the distinctively English-speaking people of the world, and also to have the literary and scientific achievements on the part of the new generation fostered and reflected by the magazines and newspaper press.

To further such intellectual growth among Scandinavians in America by such aid as lies

within its power will be the self-imposed task of the publishers of this review, and in doing so it hopes to meet with the earnest coöperation of Scandinavians everywhere. The publication of translations of works by standard authors will be continued, and its editorial treatment of current affairs in the old home will be such as to keep its readers abreast of events of national interest.

To the end that our efforts may not be in vain, and that a recompense may be made for continuous expenses to meet the wants of this publication, we invite a hearty response from the reading masses of the Scandinavian-American public. To the young men and women who are growing up, many with but a limited knowledge of the affairs of the land of their ancestors, SCANDINAVIA will have more than a passing interest, and it invites their coöperation and assistance.

THE SCANDINAVIAN PROFESSORSHIP IN THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

The importance of attracting our Scandinavian youth of both sexes to purely American institutions of learning is universally acknowledged by all thinking and progressive men among us. The matter has been an object of the deepest solicitude with many—no measure being considered more vital to a true and thorough Americanization than this one.

As to the ways and means best adapted to this purpose there has hardly been any difference of opinion at all. Provide the colleges and state universities with Scandinavian teachers, and the students of their nationality will also come. Wherever this experiment has been made it has proved generally successful. The colleges at Beloit, Evansville and Galesburg may be cited as proofs of this proposition. The attendance of the Scandinavian youth at the State University of Minnesota has been steadily increasing even in the short time that has elapsed since the chair of "the Scandinavian language," whatever that may be, was established there. As to the State University of Wisconsin, the influence of Prof. R. B. Anderson was instrumental in making Madison the educational center of the young Scandinavian Americans in the Northwest.

It was, therefore, the cause of universal regret when, some two years ago, the professor severed his connection with the University. But an able successor having been found, and the professorship being considered a permanency, unaffected by any merely personal change, nothing more was thought of it. The possibility of a re-

actionary movement toward the old order of things, when the Scandinavians had no representative in the faculty, was, at any rate, not taken into consideration at all. Recent disclosures, however, show that there is serious cause for alarm. The board of regents is understood to be unfavorable to continuing the Scandinavian professorship, and there is reason to believe that the resignation of the able and enlightened head of the University, President Bascom, will be followed by some measure in the furtherance of that object.

The knowledge of such intentions should gather all friends of a higher American education among the Scandinavians to the rescue. The Scandinavian population of Wisconsin, in the first place, is vitally interested in seeing the plan frustrated, but the whole Scandinavian Northwest will feel the effects of such a blow if it be actually delivered.

The decision of this question resting with the board of regents, determined efforts should be instantly made to prove to that honorable body the bad policy and injustice of abolishing a professorship that has been the means of so much good to a large number of their fellow-citizens. Hardly aware of the importance which the Scandinavians attach to this matter, and certainly not alive to the educational advantages afforded by the professorship, their attention should particularly be called to this side of the case. That failing, other means may still be found to accomplish the object, for it hardly seems credible that such a measure as that contemplated by the regents should be attended with success.

Whatever the immediate outcome may be, the Scandinavians of Wisconsin should not rest till they have put the Scandinavian professorship in their State University on such a footing that no passing fancy can disturb it. A fund might be collected, the interest of which would suffice to pay the expenses incidental to the professorship. Or a law could be carried through the legislature establishing a Scandinavian professorship, as did the Minnesota law-makers some two years ago. This latter plan is open to several objections, but a law even as bunglingly made and unsatisfactory as that just referred to would serve until the time was ripe for something better to take its place.

HERMAN BANG, a sort of radical Danish Oscar Wilde, has been expelled by the police from Berlin on account of an article he once wrote about the imperial family for a paper at Bergen, Norway.

THE death roll in Denmark of the past month contains the names of Friedrich, duke of Glücksburg and brother of the king; Admiral Garde (died at Malta); S. Nielsen, governor, "Stiftamtmand" of Ribe Amt and for years a member of the Landsting; H. C. Sager, late judge at Lange-land and member of the old deliberating diet, later once of the Folkething; Holbech, director of the common schools of Copenhagen; R. Puggaard, one of the most prominent merchants of Copenhagen; A. P. Westenholz, former consul-general at London; Niels Simonsen, historical painter, especially well known from his pictures of the Danish-German war. There recently died in Sweden the historical novel-writer Starbäck; the sculptor Frithjof Kjellberg; Borgenström, teacher to the Swedes of the usual stenographic system, that of Gabelsberger; Harald Hjärne, once a well-known member of the nobility in the Riksdag; Fitinghoff, another nobleman and a descendant of an old Liffland "Heermeister" family; A. W. Björck, once judicial burgo-master of Gothenburg and one of the most influential deputies at the period of the representative reform. In Norway, the painters Bernt Lund and Nicolaj Ulfsten, and Th. H. Stang, formerly lieutenant of the navy, and at the time of his death a prominent merchant at Frederikshald.

A NEW tragedy, "King Erik," is a great success at the "Stora Teatern" in Stockholm, with Mr. Palme as Erik XIV., and Mrs. Rundberg as Karin Mänsdotter.

THE forests of Sweden cover 66,000,000 acres, and the exports of lumber form a large part of the trade of the kingdom. Nearly 14,000,000 of the aggregate acreage is the property of the state. In 1882 the total exports of lumber amounted in value to 115,000,000 crowns, besides 12,000,000 crowns' value of wood pulp, a total for the lumber producing industry of 127,000,000 crowns out of a grand total in all commodities of 254,000,000 crowns.

THE educational commission of Norway, as now constituted, has the following membership: Chairman, Mr. Steen, president of the Storting; Sivert Nielsen, vice-president of the Storting; besides Miss Hedvig Rosing, Ullman, L. Bentsen, Bonnevie and others.

A CATHOLIC PRIEST—the apostolic prefect Bernard—was, while on his way to Finland, recently forbidden to land under an old law of the country.

A MONUMENT to the poet Johan Herman Wessel has been erected at Christiania on the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary of his birth. He belonged to the same originally-Holland family as the celebrated naval fighter Peder Wessel or Tordenskjold (Thundershield).

THE Norwegian government has decided to propose the necessary changes in the rules concerning authors' rights to enable Norway to enter into the international convention of Berne. The most important change will be to secure the authors the right of translation during certain years. Musical compositions will also be included.

A BOOK descriptive of the work of the excellent Norwegian mathematician, W. H. Abel, written by professor Bjerkness, has been published in French by the Scientific Society of Bordeaux.

COUNT HENNING HAMILTON died the 15th of January in the 72d year of his age, in Amelie des Bains in the Pyrenees, where he has during the last years hidden his lost honor. Count Hamilton, of an original Scotch family, now one of the most prominent in Sweden, was in his early life a military officer and as such in 1847 chief of the adjutants of the Crown Prince, later King Charles XV.; during the same period he was a prominent member of the estate of the nobility, and during several sessions of the Riksdag was its Landmarshal or president. In 1852 he was appointed governor, "Landshöfding," in "Östergötland," and in 1858 minister of Culte and Instruction. In 1861 he went as Swedish-Norwegian minister to Copenhagen, and it was he who, in 1863, had brought the negotiations for an alliance to an actual agreement. When this was suddenly dropped by Count Manderström, after the death of Frederick VII, owing to Russian threats, French retirement from the English alliance, and finally the unwilling support in the Swedish cabinet, especially represented by Gripenstedt, Count Hamilton finally, in March, 1864, when Manderström would not recognize what had been done, resigned. In the following years he was regarded as one of Sweden's most prominent and noblest men, was a member of the First Chamber, chairman of the committee on the public debt, and chancellor of both the Swedish universities, until he became a defaulter, and forger of notes, when he had at once to leave the country never to return.

THE Swedish princes have edited, for private circulation, a book describing their recent travels, with the title of "Våra Minnen."

THE Swedish government will now try the system of common instruction for boys and girls.

LIEUTENANT LAURIDSEN explained lately to the Royal Geographical Society in Copenhagen the present status of the German and Danish languages in Sleswick. In the rich district of Angeln, where a century ago the people always spoke Danish, the German language has conquered, although everybody still understands Danish. Towards the west the Danish holds its own, and, as a rule, the limit is still that officially recognized in 1856. Any considerable change will take three or four generations.

MR. BERG, the president of the Danish Folkething, has been sentenced by the Supreme Court to six months' imprisonment, as instigating the expulsion of a police-master from the orator's tribune at a popular meeting. Mr. Berg was at once put in prison, in spite of a paragraph in the constitution which forbids imprisonment during the session of the Folkething, the government interpreting it as only covering the matter of arrest at the beginning of a prosecution.

AMONG recent deaths is that of Dr. Wilhelm Preusser, 86 years of age, who was a member of the common government for a short time established in Sleswick in the years 1848-49.

THE Danish government has demanded the indictment of a small Norwegian paper, *Indtrønderen*, because of a concerning recent article politics in Denmark.

As THE result of a recent agreement concerning mutual accounts between the three national banks of Scandinavia, "Nationalbanken" of Copenhagen, "Norges Bank," and the Swedish "Riksbank," it is now ordinarily made unnecessary to remit gold between the three Scandinavian countries. There are probably few countries where gold is used so little as in Scandinavia. The countries have at the same time all the advantage of a gold standard and of well-protected, convenient notes.

THE large number of Scandinavian-Americans who at present visit their old countries attract a good deal of attention. It is generally recognized that they, to a remarkable degree, have bettered their condition by emigration, but several newspapers speak at the same time with less respect about their intellectual development. As examples are mentioned the Norwegian-American dogmatic church-quarrels and the social pictures presented by Kristofer Janson's stories.

C. JUHLIN DANNEFELT, for some time Consul General at Helsingfors, has been finally, after long consideration, appointed Swedish-Norwegian Consul-General at London.

THE alleged American citizens about whose expulsion from Germany there has lately been a good deal of debate and diplomatic correspondence are all Danish-Sleswickers. Where these have made themselves Danish and not American citizens they have been mercilessly expelled in every case.

THE gathering of ants used as food for the nightingales at Petersburg, Russia, has developed to such an industry that the formerly numerous ant-hills in the neighboring Finnish forests are now rapidly disappearing.

PROFESSOR S. LIE, of Christiania, will probably be appointed professor of mathematics in the university of Berlin.

MRS. EDGREN has lately visited Norway to study the working of the peasant high school of Mr. Kristofer Brun.

THE accounts of the Norwegian government for the fiscal year of 1884-5 show a surplus of 3,750,000 crowns.

SVEN LORÉN, the Swedish professor, has been honored by being elected a member of the Royal Society of England.

THE Swedish government has negotiated with Messrs. Rothschildsof Frankfort-on-the-Main, Bleichröder and Disconto-Gesellschaft of Berlin, Behrens Söhne of Hamburg and Landmandsbanken of Copenhagen, a $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent loan of 81,000,000 of German marks or 72,000,000 of Scandinavian crowns, mainly intended to replace earlier 5 and $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent loans. This is one of numerous operations which the present easy money market has made possible.

MR. A. PAULSEN delivered in the Royal Geographical Society at Copenhagen, on January 5, an interesting report concerning aurora borealis in Greenland observed during a period of thirteen months.

A MEMBER of the faculty of Cornell University, New York, has received recognition for distinguished ability by the Royal Academy of Sciences of Stockholm, Sweden, in the person of Dr. R. H. Thurston, Professor of Mechanical Engineering. On the 9th of December last that gentleman was elected a *membre étranger* for distinguished services in his profession.

THE venerable Captain Ericsson, to whose inventive genius the people of the United States owe a lasting debt of gratitude, is still at work, in spite of his advanced age, on a new submarine gun, which is attracting international attention. *The Naval and Military Gazette*, referring to the interest the new gun is attracting in English naval circles, says that "the partially bald ones are fast losing their few remaining hairs scratching their heads over the puzzle how the India rubber diaphragm over the muzzle is to be replaced for the second charge after the first has been fired away nine feet under water." Noticing this would-be facetious comment, *The Scientific American* adds: "Captain Ericsson will no doubt provide a means for accomplishing that, so the British officers had better spare their scalps till they fear further from the venerable inventor."

BARON NORDENSKIÖLD has recently been representing in German his novel theory about the influence of cosmic dust on the formation of the earth and other astronomic bodies. Our great Scandinavian naturalist differs from the old Kant-Laplace theory about the origin of the celestial bodies from rotating globes of gas concentrated to burning bodies. He supposes that the earth even now continually increases by immense numbers of meteors, shooting stars, and other forms of cosmic matter, dust or gases.

BARON H. SCHWERIN, a professor at the University of Lund, Sweden, has left on a scientific expedition to the Congo.

KING OSCAR has sent a costly vase of Rörstrand porcelain as a present to the Sultan, from whom he received a number of valuable presents last year on the occasion of his visit to Constantinople. On the vase is a portrait of Charles XII, well known to the Turks from his life at Bender after the defeat at Pultowa. The Queen of Sweden-Norway has sent presents of magnificent Swedish porcelain to Queen Carmen Sylvia, of Roumania, and to Crown Princess Louise of Denmark.

"NORGES LAND OG FOLK" is the title of a valuable statistical description of Norway, which is being edited by A. N. Kier, director-general of statistics for the kingdom.

A CONSULAR REPORT ON THE SITUATION OF WORKINGMEN IN DENMARK.

Henry B. Ryder, United States Consul at Copenhagen, Denmark, about the close of the past year, in answer to a circular from the Department of State at Washington, returned a report on the condition of the laboring classes in Denmark. The statistical data in this report being taken from the official lists of the Bureau of Statistics at Copenhagen, are of course as re-

liable as such data can be where they all come from the hands of the employers or those who furnish the work. On the other hand, they evidently do not depict the outlook of the workingman one whit more gloomy than it actually is; and the rates of income there stated may consequently be considered as the very highest.

Notwithstanding this, the picture presented in the report is a rather discouraging one. Says Mr. Ryder: "The yearly budget of a laboring man or operative and family shows an income of from \$188 to \$214, and expenses of from \$183.60 to \$210; and of a lower-grade artisan of from \$240 to \$268, and expenses of from \$227.80 to \$254.60."

These expenses are for house-rent, food, clothing, fuel, and light, with the modest annual addition of respectively \$6.70 or \$10.70 on the score of tobacco, spirits and other "luxuries." At the same time the report says: "The small balance remaining in favor of the operative classes will soon be swallowed up by any accidental expenses, such as extra fuel in severe winters, and the renewal of articles of furniture; and little opportunity is left for making provision for the future." The report here omits three "accidentals," which in most cases are sure to become "incidentals," viz., increase of family, sickness, and—no work. These incidentals should, in my opinion, be added to the list of expenses at the rate of fifteen or twenty per cent of the amounts above mentioned, and an actual balance is therefore apt to show a deficit, which must be covered either by the work of wife and children, or by—starvation.

What then is the workingman expected to yield in return?

"The day of labor in the manufactories and work shops, as a general rule, is of twelve hours' duration," answers Mr. Ryder, admitting at the same time that in many branches the men have to work sixteen—nay eighteen—hours out of the twenty-four. And a result from the scanty income and the long, protracted work is that the workingman, politically, remains almost a minor. "Theoretically speaking, the workingman enjoys the same political rights with all other citizens of the kingdom. This franchise right will, however, be lost, whenever the party may have received assistance from the poor rates; . . . and when it is remembered that the slightest stretching out of the hand from the municipal authorities in cases of sickness is set down as poor-relief, it will be seen that in practice a large number of the workingmen are debarred from their franchise right."

In these statements and the like the Consul is evidently perfectly right; and, so far, his report may be of value to all outsiders who want information in regard to the question it treats of. Mr. Ryder, however, adds some remarks which, if they were allowed to pass without protest, might place our countrymen in a false light in the eyes of Americans and other foreigners. He says: "Amongst the agricultural laborers and lower-paid artisans of the towns, the condition of their existence is doubtless one of daily struggle for the mere support of their families; but, unfortunately, it must be admitted that in too many cases where extra earnings are made in brisk times of trade, that these are rather spent in the purchase of the luxuries of tobacco and spirits, as well as in taking part with their families in outdoor amusements of tea-gardens, etc., rather than in the exercise of provident savings." And, in conclusion, after having praised the workingmen for their intelligence and the solid and good quality of their work, he winds up his report in this way: "The reverse of the medal is rather to be seen in their too-apparent lack of energy and in the slowness of their movements. After watching them for a time at their work, one leaves with the impression that they are working with the soothing feeling that the job left unfinished at the close of the day will afford them occupation for tomorrow and subsequent days."

As to the first-mentioned censure—that for improvidence—it is clear Mr. Ryder must have had the higher-paid class of artisans in his mind. For the "agricultural laborers and lower-paid artisans in Denmark," if they have a family to support, will not—do what they may—be able to save anything for the future, not even in brisk times of trade. That this is so, Mr. Ryder has himself admitted, saying as to the above estimation of income that it was made "under the implied condition of constant work"—a condition which, as we all know, never exists except in times of brisk trade.

And this income, then, how far does it go? Let us hear what the report itself says:

As to the place of dwelling—"Twenty per cent of the inhabitants of the capital [where one-eighth of the total population of the kingdom live] are restricted to the use of *one* room in which a family of four and sometimes five or six members may be frequently found huddled together." The hovels of the agricultural laborers are "unventilated and damp."

As to food—"It is greatly inferior to that of our own workingmen or those of England."

As to clothing—"Numerous instances could be mentioned when for a whole year *not a single cent* has been expended by a workman's family in the purchase of any new article of clothing."

Now, we think it safe to say that people who are compelled to lead such a life, would, in nine cases out of ten, invest their extra earnings, if any such they make, rather in food, clothing and other necessities or comforts of life than in visits to tea or beer-gardens.

But, granted even that workingmen with their families are seen in such places on Sundays, now and then during the brief season of summer, and that they there buy a glass of beer to wash down the sandwiches they carry with them from home, what of that?

The small amounts occasionally expended in this way to help the mind shake off its workday shackles, can they justly be considered an extravagance? something absolutely needless? The men who *live* "one in five rooms," would they look upon such amusements exactly as they do if they lived "five in one room"?

Yet, after all, it is not the lower-paid, but the better situated mechanics who partake in amusements like the above mentioned, in Denmark. The poor workingman stays at home on Sundays; he hides himself from the eyes of the world, because he has no holiday suit to put on—he has only his workingday clothes.

Next, when the report charges the Danish workingman with indolence, slowness of movements or the like, it is but natural that the worker who is poorly fed and poorly paid, and whose vista of future comfort terminates within the dingy walls of a poorhouse, should lack the energy and spirit which characterizes the workingman, say here in the United States, who is far better paid and is often animated by the hope of becoming a "boss" himself within a short time.

"Poor food and treatment—poor work," is a natural law applicable to horse and man alike. Yet, let the Danish workingman be transplanted to American soil, and he will display as much ardor and activity as anyone else.

We presume the Consul has formed his opinion as to the improvidence and indolence of said laborers rather in a second-hand way or from what he has read than from what he has actually seen and witnessed himself. For there was certainly a time when such views would seem well justified, viz., the time before 1870, and many a public writer seems still to confound the workingman of 1885 with him of 1869. What a mistake! The

Danish laborer has, within these years, made greater progress than he made from 1800 till 1869. The spirit of association, almost extinct, has been revived and has manifested itself in new and better forms; the workingman has learned to respect himself and command the regard of others; he has become aware that if he has duties to perform, he has also rights to assert; he has understood that in his struggle for social position and acknowledgment his interests are identical with those of all workingmen; he has managed from his small earnings to add his share in support of the union or society of which he is a member, to subscribe for papers advocating his interests, to assist his fellow-workingmen during a strike, etc. Let us hear Mr. Ryder himself on these points; says he: "It must not be denied that the influence of these trades-unions . . . has so far been of benefit to the working classes. By forcing them into these conflicts [i. e., the strikes], these classes *from a previous state of blunted and listless indifference* to all public affairs, have by degrees become *more self-dependent and more intelligent members* of the community. . . . As regards the influence which the trades-unions have exerted on the rates of wages, it may be observed that while, under the old patriarchal relations between masters and journeymen up to the sixth decennium, the rates of wages were steadily on the decline, that from 1870 to 1875 a *very sensible rise of one-quarter and even one-third* was obtained, due, without doubt, in great measure to the numerous strikes and disputes which occurred in those years."

From this it would seem proven that the Danish workingman can, if he chooses, be quick in his movements, since he in about a dozen years finished the same course of development which it took, for instance, the French workingman as many years as from 1789 up to the present time to run through. And he has made a better use of his small surplus earnings than if he had stored them in a savings bank, for he has spent them in acquiring information as to his rights, in a successful agitation for improving his conditions of life, and in organizing the forces of which he is a member in such a way as to compel the antagonist to recede step by step.

While, therefore, Mr. Ryder has a just claim to the thankfulness of an American public for the care and accuracy with which he has endeavored to gather information in regard to the economical state of the workingmen whose relations and affairs he was requested to throw light upon, it is

to be regretted that he should indulge in such undeserved strictures upon a class of men who, after having through centuries been kept down by a despotic government, have nevertheless been able to rise again as if by magic, and in the course of a few years acquire intelligence enough to manage their own affairs and accomplish an organization securing to the workingmen that come after them a better existence in social as well as political regard.

LOUIS PRO.

AN ARTIST FAMILY.

BY MARIE SALTER.

I.

How wonderful is genius! a divine gift, startling in its various manifestations, we can admire and do homage to its power, but we are unable to define its origin—its working. Sometimes, indeed, we may trace genius as inherited, but how often does it manifest itself on a sudden without precedent. The following sketch will give evidence of both cases:

About Christmas-time, 1845, there were mentioned in Rome two names among artists which were preferred above all others—those of the Danish sculptor, J. A. Jerichau, and of Elizabeth Baumann, the Polish painter. The first had on exhibition his magnificent group of "Hercules and Hebe," and Miss Baumann had exhibited her large picture, "Women at the Fountain of Ariccia." Artists and connoisseurs admired these works of art; critics spread their fame; and in a few months the names of Jerichau and Baumann re-echoed throughout Europe. These two names were, however, to become more intimately united, for in the middle of February, 1846, the sculptor and the painter were married in the Protestant chapel at the capital of Rome.

J. A. Jerichau was born in 1816 in the little town of Assens, in Fionia, the second in size of the Danish isles. His father had been a tradesman—a thrifty man—who was fond of his garden, and wished to open the minds of his children to the beauties of nature. He had married twice, and left a widow with twelve children, six of whom were her own.

This mother of the great sculptor was a most remarkable and estimable woman. She continued the business of her husband, working hard by day and night to earn a living for her numerous family, and made a comfortable home for them, where nothing was wanting, and "where peace and noble simplicity had an influence over the

children as over all who were in a habit of drop in on an evening after the shop was closed"; and Adolph was very happy in his home. But no one will wonder that the boys ran wild when out of school, for the busy mother had her hands full. Her boys were very combative, and they were the strongest boys in town; but they were noble boys, and fought on the right side, always protecting the weak and the little ones.

Besides fighting, Adolph had two other passions: friendship and the sea. Boating was, as long as he lived, his favorite recreation; and he loved his friends passionately. And, what is more wonderful, he did not change his friends. The same early companions were his friends to the last; but their number increased; for, in spite of his strength and combativeness he was very gentle, and it was impossible not to like him. When between seven and fourteen years of age he had frequent attacks of spasms, and became his mother's special darling, "who must not be crossed." His first demonstrations in the way of art were in paper-cutting. When he was in his fifth year he would cut figures of all kinds in paper, and when he lay sick in bed he filled the wall with drawings, although he was less clever at his books. As he grew older he evinced a desire to become a ship-builder, but as no apprenticeship could be obtained for him he was sent to Odense, when fourteen years of age, to learn the trade of a house-painter, and the agreement was the usual one that he should stay with his master for five years. But young Adolph, seeing that he learned nothing, took his leave secretly during the second year, returning on foot to Assens. He was then sent to an uncle in Copenhagen, that he might study at the Academy of Fine Arts. He still meant to become a painter, and soon excelled in correct drawing and spirited composition, although colors were not his forte. In the year 1834 he won both the little and the great silver medal. In competing for the latter he had conquered another youth from his own town, who, till then, had been considered the ablest draughtsman of the academy. In some notes of his own he says: "This honor I could not bear. I was now afraid of producing something less good, and by that means lose my prestige. So I became timid and lazy, and began playing billiards and indulging in other dissipations. To be sure, I did give some time to reading and other occupations, but I was lost to myself; and, however tormented by remorse, I could not raise myself, and my wish was to go to the backwoods of America, for which

many plans were contrived — but in vain." Another plan was to go on foot to Rome, but the plan failed, because the friend who was to accompany him (our late poet, Kaalund) was taken ill. Alternately he worked with great zeal, and his better self mourned within him. A deep-rooted melancholy dates from that period of his life, and he failed in the competitions for the gold medal, which gave a right to traveling stipends; yet he yearned for Rome.

In the year 1835 he made up his mind to be a sculptor, and in 1836 he became a pupil of Freund. Here he won a lifelong friend in H. Conradsen, and another in Kaalund, who was a pupil of Freund, thinking then to become a sculptor. During the two remaining years he stayed in Copenhagen Jerichau was an earnest devotee of Grundtvig, who, about that time, began to attract attention by his preaching; but when later they became personally acquainted they hardly agreed in anything!

It was time that he should leave. His naturally critical nature had placed him in opposition to all art authorities at home, while the younger art students looked to him as a leader. A friend of his youth describes his personal appearance about this time as follows: "He was square-built and of fine proportions, with beautiful wrists and hands somewhat like Thorvaldsen's; very muscular, more so even than his own 'Leopard-Hunter,' and when he made that figure and 'Hercules' and others so well-knit, strong and powerful, it was because he knew it to be so from his own body and his own nature." Though habitually melancholy and taciturn, he could alternately be mirthful and frolicsome to the extreme. But "poverty weighed him down, and it is conspicuous at this early period, as in the rest of his life, that Jerichau, who was an idealist, was wanting in all practical business tact, and could not earn a cent with his best drawings."

In the summer of 1837, Jerichau exhibited a statue of Balder, which Prince Christian ordered cast in plaster, and the following year, when the Danish government sent the frigate Rota to Italy to bring home Thorvaldsen and his works, Jerichau got permission to go with it. A maiden lady, who had cultivated the art of painting and had laid by some money for the purpose of visiting Rome, gave him the money in the firm belief that thus employed it would bear larger interest to art. The dear old lady's name was Pretzmann, and when Jerichau had won his laurels he paid her back the money.

Jerichau arrived at Rome in August, 1838, and was well received by Thorvaldsen, who left for Denmark a few weeks after. But, as *The Times* said a few years later, "the mantle of Thorvaldsen had fallen on Jerichau's shoulders." To be sure, it took some time before he did anything at all, for this is often the case with artists who arrive at the Eternal City. "They must have time to grow." Jerichau sketched, mostly animals; he also composed some. But he was afflicted by illness, and was ill in body and in spirit; the cares of life wore him down, thoughts of self-destruction entered his mind, and it was only by the constant care of friends that he was rescued from his melancholy.

His best friends in Rome at this period were Widmann, the Munich sculptor, and Bottomley, the painter, son of an Englishman residing at Hamburg. For six years he and Bottomley lived together, isolated from everybody else, until 1844, when Lessee, the Danish painter, and a friend of his youth, joined them. Jerichau had made a statue of Bottomley's large dog, life size, which has been cast in bronze and is said to be the best work of its kind extant.

Meanwhile some of his drawings and compositions had been sent home, and the Queen, Caroline Amalie, had seen them, and she had sent him an order for a frieze representing "Alexander and Rozane's Wedding." This frieze, five feet high, was to adorn one of the Queen's chambers in the palace, and was finished in the year 1844. In that year the artists in Rome had arranged an exhibition for the benefit of the Dome of Cologne, and among the many works of art exhibited on this occasion was the frieze of the Danish sculptor, which attracted attention and was favorably mentioned by art critics. This considerable work was destroyed in the late fire at Christiansborg, but is expected to be restored after the drawings and photographs in existence, by Jerichau's dearest friend, yet surviving, H. Conradsen. The chief section of it was on exhibition in the spring of 1885, and it will shortly be completed.

The artist's next work was the colossal group already mentioned of "Hercules and Hebe." Hercules is here represented after his labors, resting with the gods of Olympus, and the Goddess of Eternal Youth is pouring nectar into his cup which he holds with his right hand, while his left arm is laid around her waist. It is eight feet high without the footpiece. Stahr, the German critic, said, "it belongs to the most beautiful creations

of modern sculpture, and need not shrink from comparison with the antique."

But envy was alive, and Jerichau was accused of having merely imitated the "Hercules of Belvedere." And what did Jerichau do? He did not use many words—"he was modest, retired and taciturn"; but to disprove the accusation in a plausible manner he had a cast made of the antique torso, and raised it beside his own to let the public decide for themselves. Everybody could see now that Jerichau had made a grand and independent work of art. But then envy said he was vain thus to compare his own work with the old masterpiece. Still he was the victor. The German painter, Cornelius, the most famous artist in Rome since Thorvaldsen had left, came to Jerichau, accompanied by a number of artists, to whom he explained the difference of the ancient and the modern work, and congratulated our artist as the first sculptor in Rome. Orders now came readily, among them one for a monument for the granddaughter of Goethe.

When the group "Hercules and Hebe" was exhibited at Copenhagen, the academic prize was awarded the artist, and the king ordered it done in marble. At the late fire it was no easy task to rescue from the flames this colossal group, then situated in the fourth story of the palace, and it was the triumph of our firemen (assisted by private gentlemen of high station) when they rolled it out all safe on the riding-ground, where it was received by tremendous shouts of acclamation.

It was a very different creation which Jerichau presented to the world early in the year 1846 in his "Leopard-Hunter," life size; and he wanted it to be a contrast to the former, and that it should follow quickly after it. Nobody should again accuse him of plagiarism. This group represents a leopard attacking the hunter, who has robbed her of her young, which he holds in his left arm, raising his spear with the right hand. It is a thorough study of nature, and so lifelike that it has been called "petrified nature." Petrified motion it might be called. Hagen says: "I believe I do not affirm too much in saying that among the works which in modern time rival the antique, Jerichau's 'Hunter' is one of the most excellent—perhaps the very best." It was immediately ordered in marble by a Russian prince, and when it was exhibited in London it obtained the gold medal of the exhibition. We have it cast in bronze in the national collection at Copenhagen.

As it has already been mentioned, it was by this time at the height of his reputation that he married Miss Baumann. She says, somewhere: "My art had only half its meaning before I was married." We cannot say the same of Jerichau's art. She says of him: "He might have made a rich match, and favorable pecuniary circumstances might have supported his efforts. But though he felt this, he was too much of an artist and too true a man to be faithless to his feelings. So Elizabeth Baumann became his wife, without fortune, but with the qualities which mark her as a woman and a wife.

According to N. Bogh, Adolph Jerichau's biographer, he might have married wealth without being faithless to his feelings. Bogh says: "First, a few words about Jerichau's nature: Everybody who knows him as an artist may know that he had a beautiful and deeply-felt comprehension of woman. This sentiment was one of the inspiring elements of his artist-nature: the '*ewig weibliche*' tempted and touched him always. That his passion in this respect has brought sorrow and strife into his life cannot be passed over when he is to be truly represented. Here, as always, it is true that our merits and our faults are nearly allied; on the obverse side of the medal is virtue, on the reverse is the corresponding vice. Jerichau often said to Bottomley that he would marry a woman who was famous for her gifts. Though then he had never seen Frederica Bremer, he said he should like to ask her hand in marriage. Bottomley insisted that fame was a poor foundation for marriage, he should like a nice, womanly and domestic bride. Some time before Jerichau was betrothed to Miss Baumann he was passionately in love with a beautiful, rich and gifted woman, who was visiting Rome. She was a sweet, womanly creature and returned his feelings. But owing to the weakness of his condition then, after having over-exerted himself by work, he fancied that his marriage might become childless, and he concluded the woman might feel lonely by his side, when he, wrapt in his art, was drawn from her. Therefore his conscientiousness forbade him to propose to her. It was a morbid state of mind; but it was like Jerichau. He would lie weeping during the night, disturbing Lessee hour after hour. He was perfectly wretched. Then he made Miss Baumann's acquaintance. He was struck by her genial nature; she said a remarkably interesting and gifted woman. But he was not in love with her, while she was very much with him." We may believe it when she tells us that

Jerichau insisted that it was she who spoke the first word.

N. Bogh continues: "Lessoe had, after that, many more sleepless nights. Jerichau had been greatly moved on perceiving Miss Baumann's great love for him, and he supposed that she, an artist, would not become miserable without children, and that they might become happy with one another, sharing the fate of artists." Perhaps few men reason as he reasoned, and if he made a grand mistake he may be forgiven for laying down his heart on the altar of unselfishness.

In the early spring of the year 1846, Jerichau, with his young wife, visited Denmark, and there, in the home of his childhood, she painted her husband life-size, and also the worthy matron, his mother; and this is the best portrait we have of our sculptor, which Captain Jacobsen afterwards acquired for our national museum.

During this short visit, Jerichau's wish to become a member of the Academy was granted, his reception piece, "Adam and Eve After the Fall," being made in Rome (though this was contrary to the rules of the Academy). When it was finished, in 1849, Jerichau became member and professor of the Academy. It was exhibited in London, where it won the prize of the exhibition. Count Holstein Ledreborg ordered it done in marble. Jerichau, in 1863, made a pendant to it, "Adam and Eve Before the Fall." During the above-mentioned visit to Denmark, he renewed his friendship with H. Conradsen, who had then won the great gold medal, and joined him in Rome next year. Jerichau has had no more faithful friend during his life, no one truer to his fame after his death.

Jerichau was passionately fond of working in marble. It is well known that not all sculptors are. He would strike his mallet with an accuracy and a fervor that made the sparks fly around and the perspiration roll down his face. His aim was perfection, and he always found something to improve in his work. True, he had not the wonderful fertility of some artists, and then he could not solicit favors or cajole public opinion. Orders must come unsought, and times were not favorable to art. When the revolution broke out in 1848, the studios, not only in Rome but in Europe generally, stood empty, and the visitors were few. Jerichau's works are comparatively few, his season of prosperity was brief, and family cares added to his melancholy.

After "Adam and Eve" the next work was "Christ Rising from the Grave." The Princess

Marianna of Prussia had wanted such a statue, but she had her own idea about it, and Jerichau's drawing came nearest to it, so he got the order. But never woman in labor suffered more than Jerichau bringing forth this statue. He "would throw himself down on the floor, writhing like a worm and groaning in despair." It was not till the princess had given him full freedom to treat the subject that he could work hopefully. The result was a beautiful statue, eight feet high, of which we have two copies in Denmark, one in the church of Herlufsholm, the other at the glyptotek of Carlsberg. It would be interesting to see this representation of Christ by the side of Thorvaldsen's. No doubt they would set off each other. While Thorvaldsen's Christ with supreme serenity invites us to come to him, there is in Jerichau's a fervor, a motion, I may say, to come to us.

Jerichau remained in Rome during the revolution, working at this statue. He returned to Denmark in 1849, and afterward made his home in Copenhagen, although he kept his studios in Rome and visited them repeatedly. He did not, however, find life in Copenhagen congenial, and if left to himself he would have lived an hermit's life. Not to be disturbed in his studio he broke the bell-wire; so we must not blame the public altogether if he was not overrun by orders. As long as his wife was at home, however, they were "the fashion," and he had to go into society, just as they had lived a very social life in Rome while she was with him there.

In the years 1852-54 two beautiful figures were created, a male and a female slave, in which womanly shame and manly defiance are finely contrasted. Jerichau was remarkable for choosing motives for his art out of real life, but he chose only what was beautiful, and is in this respect in opposition to modern French realism, which apparently delights in hideous subjects. A more familiar or simple subject than a "girl with her apron full of kittens," while the mother cat strokes herself against the skirts of the girl, can hardly be imagined; but the group is lovely as well as true to nature, and it is with gentle and sympathetic feelings that we look at it. About this time Jerichau received an order for a statue of David as the royal bard, to be cast in bronze, and raised at the entrance of the Metropolitan church in Copenhagen, where it now stands with Bissen's "Moses" as a pendant. Another public monument, that of H. C. Orsted, in Orsted's Park, is his work. It is more than forty feet high, representing our great inventor with his wires and batteries at the

moment he made his wonderful discovery. Around the footpiece the Nornes are represented above natural size.

One of his most exquisite productions is his "Bathing Girls." It was first made in 1862, and the Princess of Wales ordered the group in marble. We have another also in marble at Copenhagen, very carefully finished by himself: he would show the world "how well he mastered the human form." The group had been exhibited at Kenna in 1873, and won the gold medal (which, when he received it, he sold, and fed poor children with the proceeds). It had been sent from Rome without his last touches, and when he saw it after the exhibition he declared it an eternal shame that it had got the medal.

But most of Jerichau's productions remained in his studios; he conceived and executed them *con amore*, and left it to chance, whether they were seen and sold or not; it was disagreeable to him to work for money. While in Copenhagen he exhibited very rarely; but sometime before his death his studios were fitted up chiefly by a friend's exertions, and all his works were exhibited to an astonished public, who then saw that Jerichau had not been idle. One of his last works was a statue of Gefion, ten feet high, intended to be raised in some public place.

After his return from Rome, Jerichau changed his residence in Copenhagen several times, but after 1868 he had free apartments at Charlottenburg (the Academy). Then he had a farm near the Bay of Roskilde, where he enjoyed all kinds of rural pleasures, as well as his indispensable boating. He enjoyed here peace and solitude to his heart's content, for since 1873 he had made an amicable arrangement with his wife to live separate from her. As has been said of another couple, better known to English readers: "With the characters of both parties before our eyes, it seems needless to go in quest of any very remote or mysterious reasons to account for it."

That Jerichau had his eccentricities cannot be denied, but they were harmless. He used to say that there were three things that ruled the world: tobacco, dress coats and badges. He never used tobacco, he hated dress coats, and he let his children play with his badges (he was knight and commodore of Dannebrog, knight of the North Star and of the Prussian Eagle; he was a member of the Swedish Academy of Fine Arts, and of the French Institute). In the year 1881 he received the freedom of his native city, Assens, where he used to visit almost every year. But

after he received this token of regard from his fellow citizens he never came near it, not even on the occasion when he was to be honored with its presentation—he would not be lionized. A funny story is told in connection with the Orsted monument: when it was to be unveiled and the king and the court were expected to be present, Jerichau sent a petition to the marshal of ceremonies to be excused for not wearing the obligatory high-crowned black hat, "which was a ridiculous article of dress." But he could not be excused, and it was barely owing to the unremitting persuasions of friends that he appeared at all. From this anecdote, however, the inference must not be drawn that Jerichau was slovenly in his attire; on the contrary, he was neat in his appearance, but paid more attention to good taste than to fashion or etiquette.

Jerichau died at his farm in the summer of 1883. He had had a paralytic attack in 1867, when he received the news that the "Bathing Girls" in marble, sent to the exhibition at Paris, had arrived there all broken to pieces. Since then his strength had failed, and when his excellent son Harald died in 1878 the blow was too much for the aged father. Still he had rallied during the latter years, and his death came rather unexpectedly.

Since Greece at the time of Phidias, no country of the same size has in one century had so many eminent sculptors as Denmark. Thorvaldsen, Freund, Bissen and Jerichau are names never to be forgotten in the annals of art, names which any country may be proud to claim.

COPENHAGEN EVENING SCHOOLS FOR WORKINGMEN.

Some four years since a movement was inaugurated in Denmark's capital city looking toward a more general education of a portion of its population whose circumstances in early life had debarred them from an education in any but the most rudimentary form. The movement has grown to such proportions since its inception, and has been of such a beneficial and successful character, that it has excited the attention of friends of humanity elsewhere. Mr. N. Neergaard, of Copenhagen, in a letter to SCANDINAVIA, briefly sketches the rise and origin of these evening schools for workingmen and working women. He writes:

Messrs. Gad and Mörk Hansen, who formed a club with the object of giving free lectures to the artisans of Copen-

hagen on Sundays, were the instigators of this work. These lectures were well attended and excited so great an interest among the people that there was a strong desire for more instruction. At the suggestion of Mr. J. Schütt, at a meeting of the Students' Association, a club was formed on the 21st of December, 1882, to continue the work. Every man or woman who pays a yearly subscription, or who is working as a teacher, is entitled to vote. A board of five members, with Mr. H. Trier as chairman, was formed. Men and women of all classes joined the club. Sufficient means and capable teachers were secured, and in a few days they were ready for work. Early in 1883 two large public meetings were held to call the attention of the workmen to the school; at these the plans for instructions were developed and explained. The working people accepted the proposition with enthusiasm. A good deal of jealousy, mistrust and class-hate was obliterated as the result of these two meetings. It was distinctly set forth that this instruction was not to be considered as charity work, but as a coöperative movement for mutual benefit between the hand-workers and brain-workers; for the scholars, through the development of their faculties; for the teachers, by getting better acquainted with classes of citizens whose ways and thoughts would otherwise have been unfamiliar to them. The pupils were encouraged at these meetings, and by advertisements in the daily papers, to enroll their names and declare what studies they wished to pursue. The general term was to be from the 1st of October to the 1st of April, with a three weeks' vacation at Christmas time; and twenty-five cents, or a krone, was charged for a whole course in each study, with somewhat of a rebate if one person took more studies. The scholars evidently preferred the practical studies. Of 1,500 who had enrolled their names 580, 490, 390 and 310 wished instructions respectively in English orthography, writing, arithmetic and German; while 270, 235 and 160 only wished to take political economy, physiology and history; while Danish literature and physical geography only had 125 and 28 scholars respectively. The organization of the introductory course varied in the different studies. History, political economy, physiology, physics and chemistry consisted principally of lectures followed by reviews and examinations, and were conducted in rather large classes. The classes in arithmetic, writing, higher mathematics and foreign languages were smaller, consisting of only twenty-five scholars each, and conducted on the regular public school plan. One hour a week was given to the first two studies; two hours to the last two; the time being always from 6 to 8 o'clock in the evening. Text-books were largely used and furnished to the scholars at a little less than half the retail price.

In the teachers' meetings the outlines only of the instruction was fixed, they being left to work out the details as their experience grew. "As practicable as possible" was their motto. No grammar, for instance, was used in the study of the languages that was not strictly indispensable for the practical study of them, and there was no attempt made at studying their orthography. In history, instruction was given by lectures; in political economy, by lectures and conversation or discussion; in physiology, anatomical subjects and pictures were shown and explained, followed by conversations on the subjects of the lectures; in chemistry and physics, experiments illustrated the lectures; in geometry, card-board models were used as the starting point

and for illustrations. A large margin is given to teachers who have to lead the instruction in authority to use their personal ability and knowledge in the most congenial way.

This work could not, of course, be organized and carried on without manifold sacrifices. The teachers are all volunteers. More than a hundred men of all classes—but mostly of the literary and scientific—offered their assistance during the first six months, and many of them are still teaching. Several public institutions, as the Physiological Laboratory and the Polytechnical Institute, besides several principals of private schools throughout the city—offered their classrooms and halls free of charge. Since the fall of 1883 the public school buildings have been given up in the evenings to these schools for adults. Recently the club opened classes for women also. They attend special classes, and have as a rule lady teachers. A lady member of the board is the principal of this branch.

The progress of the movement has been so satisfactory to both instructors and pupils that it has excited general interest among the workers in all industries. Several new studies have been taken up at the instigation of the scholars. Among others a large number of painters wished instruction in the science of colors, and a number of ironworkers in metallurgy; and the directors succeeded in meeting their wishes with the assistance of two able teachers. Women are given instruction in domestic chemistry, bookkeeping, law and drawing. Visits to the museums with capable guides, and readings of the works of Danish poets have been connected with the course of instruction. The attraction of the more practical studies—as writing and arithmetic—is growing upon the scholars; but the attendance on the classes in history and political economy is falling off. The attendance of the school is marked in the main by a steady growth. Last autumn 2,600 scholars were enrolled, 450 being women. Not all of them will take the whole course, and many of them come to the work with totally incorrect ideas; but when we remember that a large portion of the scholars are between 30 and 40 years old, we ought rather to appreciate the enthusiasm that brings them night after night to school, and makes them take up a hard, unfamiliar work, than wonder that some of them play the truant. The instruction is not supposed to be finished in one term; the scholars are encouraged to come back the following year, and a great many return. The relation between scholars and teachers is described as simply perfect, there being hardly a complaint from any one. The advanced age of the pupils may be a factor here, none being admitted under sixteen, while the average age has never been below twenty-five. Another reason is that all come voluntarily, and all have the deepest respect for the instruction given. Those who are not able to go on with profit leave off, and it is said that no jokes or indecent language has ever been heard. The teachers' reports to the board at the end of the term bear witness to these good relations. One speaks of how he enjoyed teaching, and states that his scholars astonished him by their pleasant, trusting way. Another, speaking of some scholars who had stopped coming, adds: "But many have kept up the attendance with a rare energy and faithfulness."

A pathetic incident of the work occurred during the year just closed. One of the attendants on the classes, a metal worker, had his hand wounded by a piece of poisoned tinware, and in spite of his injury, which seemed to defy

medical treatment, would come night after night, and keep on in spite of remonstrances, though it evidently cost him a good deal of pain. He did not attend the last lessons of the course, but a friend, who brought word from him that he could not come, brought also the sad intelligence that he was dying.

Workingmen's unions have had courses of instruction for their members. In some evening schools special technical instruction has been given, and the Workingmen's Club in Stockholm, Sweden, has had lectures given in liberal studies. But the Students' Association's instruction for workingmen has taken a far wider range for its work than any of these earlier institutions. Its object is to give instruction in all the studies the scholars might wish for, and outside the mere technical instruction; and it welcomes every person who cannot afford to pay in full for that kind of instruction. With its unlimited admission, and the very wide field of the instruction, it cannot be helped that many loose elements get in, that, in a certain way, are a burden to the instruction; but they soon leave. And yet nobody is ever refused. The small admittance fee is no objection, and does not keep any from coming, as it is not enforced in any way. The fact that every one can come and have his faculties tested, with no qualification whatever, is certainly a good thing. No other educational work in Scandinavia has been able to attract so many within its sphere.

These evening schools are now permanently established in Copenhagen, and several towns in the provinces have taken up this work also.

A curious epidemic of pneumonia is reported from Söderhamm, Sweden, which has excited considerable attention from the peculiarity of its origin. Dr. Fr. Rudberg gives a brief account of it in *The Elva*. It occurred about the close of last year in a workmen's barrack at Sandarne, near Söderhamm. There are five of these barracks, situated in a row at a distance of a couple of hundred feet from one another on a piece of sandy soil near a pine wood. The epidemic was confined to one of the barracks, there being only a single case in the remaining four at the same time, and very few in the surrounding districts. The building was constructed of wood, and had sixteen rooms arranged in two stories, there being a common porch to every two rooms. Each room was occupied by a separate family. The total number of inhabitants was seventy-eight, of whom forty-seven were over fifteen years, and thirty-one under that age. The first case occurred on November 16, in a boy of eight; subsequent cases occurred on November 27 and December 4, 7, 11, 14, 16, 19 and 20. Of these there were four males and five females, one boy and one girl being under ten, but all the rest between twenty and forty. Six cases occurred in the lower story and three in the upper. The disease appeared to have no tendency to pass from one room to the adjoining one, or even to another room on the same story, and in no case was more than one inmate of a room affected; but one woman living at a distance, who occasionally visited some of those who had the disease, was attacked by it herself on December 14. It should be stated that there was plenty of intercommunication among the families. The writer does not mention any of the clinical characters of the epidemic.

THE SAVIOR OF YORKVILLE.

It was at the time when the Mormons, driven from one place to another by a public sentiment which would not tolerate their polygamous practices, were forced to leave Illinois, and they had spread in all directions where they could find lurking places. One colony had settled in Yorkville, Wisconsin. They belonged to the class of firm believers in their so-called religion, and to those who could most easily bear their crown of martyrdom. In their midst they had an old woman whom they looked to as a prophetess, and who had the reputation of having seen remarkable visions and dreamed wonderful dreams. The infidel dogs, who only barked at the elect of Zion, suggested that these visions arose from a bad digestion; but the Mormons knew better. They referred to passages in the books of Moses and the Prophets and the book of Mormon, and were strengthened in their belief that the prophetess was blessed by God. And their enthusiasm rose when this woman, in the time of tribulation, proclaimed that God had revealed to her that she should bear a savior, who would guide the saints of these latter days out of the thralldom of that newer Egypt to a new Land of Canaan. With the speed of lightning her prophecy went from house to house and from man to man. Praises were offered in their meeting places, and this somewhat aged lady was watched with jealous care. The Mormons of her sect brought gifts to her house, and if they did not consist of gold and frankincense and myrrh—like those of the three holy kings—then were eggs and butter and veal chops not to be disdained, for they also would contribute to the benefit of their future savior. By and by, when the enthusiasm seemed to grow dull or the gifts diminish, the prophetess was blessed with new revelations which confirmed the first one; and in that way faith and hope were vigorously kept up during the long time passed in waiting.

A merchant who had uttered some doubt about this savior came into such contempt that he nearly lost all his customers, when he suddenly became a strong believer and commenced to sell "Prophetess" tobacco. Poor Yorkville was, in a short time, quite overflowed with "Prophetess" soap and "Prophetess" matches—of course, the best in the world. All things turned prophetic in Yorkville. The prophetess herself gained visibly by all this homage and good food.

As the time approached for the advent of the

new savior the Mormons of Yorkville took counsel as to the manner in which they should receive him. They resolved to keep as near as possible to the evangelical statement. A stable and cows and horses they could easily procure; they had plenty of shepherds among themselves; but the angels—that was the worst obstacle. They had, however, the hope that the Lord in his mercy would repeat that wonder; that the heavens would really open, and the angels of God sing blessings over the newborn savior. If the event would only take place in the night and not in the day! The nearer the time approached the more intense grew their anxiety. At last their expectancy became almost a fever. Suddenly a gun-shot sounded and bonfires were lighted on the surrounding hills. These were the tokens appointed to announce the long-expected event. All Yorkville and the surrounding towns were on the move. "The savior comes! the savior comes!" was shouted from mouth to mouth. People hurried out from their houses, half dressed, and made their way to the stable, which was built under a large tree in an open field. The Mormons embraced each other; they sang; they wept. The would-be shepherds, busy putting on their costumes and arming themselves with their staffs, began herding their cows and sheep—the pigs were left in the lurch. The poor woman was without grace dragged along to the stable, carried on the arms of the priests, who perspired under their burden, and surrounded by all the elders. The valley was already black with people. Torches and bonfires beamed among the trees in the starlit night. They sang; they prayed; and the shepherds commenced singing their pious hymns in the fields. Boys had climbed the trees, though they could not see anything more than the fire at the stable where the great event took place. By and by a band played—though that was not mentioned in the evangelical statements—but then it could not hurt anybody. Then all this noise stopped, and it became as quiet as before a storm. People listened—had something gone wrong? Then the waves of joy, and song, and prayer again arose, absorbing all other sounds. Suddenly it grew suspiciously calm. The band at the stable became mute, the elders and the priests sneaked off one after another, the shepherds threw away their staffs and slunk home with their cattle—a murmuring, a whispering went through the whole waiting crowd, the burden of which was, that the savior of Yorkville was—a girl.

KRISTOFER JANSON.

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

FROM THE SPANISH, BY L. J. HOLLENIUS.

Yesterday I loved you, my lips did not lie,
To day your memory I despise;
Yesterday, loving you—I knew not why—
I was a fool; to-day I am wise.

You know not how deeply you wronged me, and yet,
When coolly you married another,
I felt like a fish, escaped from the net—
You saved me a life full of bother.

So much for yesterday and for to-day;
Were I by chance now to meet you,
I should get quietly out of your way—
Not even tarry to greet you.

THE LIFE CONVICT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE NORWEGIAN OF JONAS LIE BY JAS. LANGLAND.

I.

"Like a prince in his cradle"—so the saying goes—"with invisible fairies and childhood's innocent peace about him."

What particular fairy stood at Nicholas' cradle it would be difficult to say. Out there at the tin-smith's in the little house with the cracked and stuffed window-panes there were many kinds of visitors, who usually came at night when individuals and parties on the road were in need of lodgings. Many a time a drunken brawl occurred, and it was more than once that during a fight the cradle was upset, or an intoxicated man tumbled full length upon it.

Nicholas' mother's name was Barbro, and she came from Heimdalshögden, a place far up in the settlements. She was a genuine mountain girl, rosy and white, large, strong, broad-shouldered, and so healthy that she fairly shone with vitality. She had heard so much about the city from the drovers, when they passed over the mountain, that she became restless and full of longing to see it.

And so she went to the city to be a servant. There she was about as much in place as a ragged haystack is on a fine city avenue, or a cow on a flight of stairs.

Then she passed the time away among the loads of hay on the market-place. She must see and feel the hay. It was not at all like mountain grass which was so soft and fine and smelled so sweetly!

But her mistress had something else for her servant girl to do than to spend the forenoon in

conversation with drivers. And so she went from one service to another, steadily down hill, both as regards wages and places. Barbro had only one failing; she was too kind and honest; but that was a capital, entirely useless and impossible for any kind of service in the city.

Yet society, as is known, has a wonderful faculty for assimilating and transforming to its own use everything, including even that which is apparently the most useless. So Barbro very soon became the only thing she was fit for, in the city—a nurse.

It was a sad time and a hard struggle while the shame lasted, and she could scarcely endure it. After that it did not occur to her to return to Heimdalshögden. Her lot, however, was to be still harder.

The manifold and continually increasing social duties which a progressive age imposes upon the mistress of the household in the higher ranks of society manifested themselves here in the city in a steadily increasing demand for nurses.

"The true cause," declared Dr. Schneibel, "is simply a law of nature; one cannot be at the same time an intelligent human being and a milk cow. The renewal of blood and nerves must be artificially supplied from the ranks of society nearest nature."

And now it was necessary to find a thoroughly sound and healthy nurse for Consul-general Wejergang's two weak little ones.

Dr. Schneibel had with great foresight kept in reserve a nurse for the lady. "She is," he said, "a most remarkable specimen of the original health in the human race. It might be said, ahem! that if the lady could not come to the mountain then the mountain was polite enough to come to the lady. The odor from her skin still reminded one, perhaps, of the barn-yard but that, after all, was only a surer sign of her genuineness. And this, my lady, is an important consideration in our time when milk is adulterated even in the cows themselves. She is quick, young—scarcely twenty."

Barbro Högden, while she carried wood and water, washed clothes on the edge of the ice, and struggled to perform as much of the common, heavy work as she could so as to get a little with which to pay for herself and her little one at the tinsmith's, did not have the slightest anticipation that she had suddenly risen in rank from her deepest degradation to an in the city exceptionally sought-for and respected person.

For a nurse is a respected person. She even

stands in the rank of those who may become highly esteemed! After having nursed the family's child and having been a sort of raven-mother to her own, she ends with sleeping on down-beds, and being tenderly cared for until possibly a new nurse for a later heir displaces her in the dynasty.

Should she prefer to give her own little one the only wealth she has, her sound mother's breast; should she actually be so blind to her own future, then, yes, then the case is different, and to use Dr. Schneibel's words, her fate is not entirely undeserved. It is only the result of the social economy to which she does not know how to sensibly submit, and which, with the merciless logic of the law of culture, reduces her to a useless superfluity which the organism of society rejects, or popularly speaking, she then remains with shame, contempt and poverty resting upon herself and her illegitimate child. Privately, as an individual only, she is in a certain sense right, but socially, as a member of society!

Poor Barbro Högden was at first quite blind on this point, obstinate, and as immovable as a mountain rock.

Dr. Schneibel, with his cane under his nose, was now for the third time at the tinsmith's with his gig waiting for him down in the road. At each visit he had increased both the promised wages and the arguments, and he had again and again shown her what a wrong she was doing both to herself and her boy by persisting in her obstinacy. He appealed to her own reason. How could she expect to bring him up in the midst of such poverty and hard work? On the other hand she had only to give a portion of her large pay to the tinsmith's family and they would take good care of the boy. In addition to that she could come out here and see him often—a permission which was a great act of self-sacrifice on the part of the Consul-general, now that he lived so far out in the country.

Dr. Schneibel spoke both in a friendly way and severely, both kindly and sharply—almost like a father.

Barbro felt a fear each time she saw him come up the street and turn in toward the gutter along the green, rotten picket-fence. She watched him as closely as a bird, afraid for its nest, and sat near the wall where it was the darkest, with the cradle behind her, when he opened the door. Answer for herself except at the most with a sigh, she could not. That the tinsmith's wife looked out for, with her "Oh, yes," "Oh, no," "Yes, Herr Doctor," all of which she repeated with such

a talkative superfluity that Barbro only sat still and thought of taking the child on her back and running away.

But to-day the doctor had spoken so kindly to her and offered so much money! He had appealed so directly to her conscience, caressed the child and expressed the opinion that she was not the kind of a mother that was cruel enough to prepare a heavy lot for such a pretty little boy, to let him suffer want and freeze his little feet, when he could have it both pleasant and warm like a prince there in the cradle.

This was not to be resisted and on the impulse of the moment something like a half-promise escaped her.

Then the neighbor's wife came in and was of precisely the same opinion. She told about all the children who had died from want and lack of care in the houses in the vicinity—alone because their mothers had to work the whole day and had nothing with which to pay for them. And then she and the tinsmith's wife both talked at the same time and about the same thing.

Barbro sat listening and attending to her child. It seemed as if her heart would break. For a moment she thought—not of going to Högden—but of going home with him in another way.

It was almost a temptation.

In the night she began to sob, and in order not to disturb the sleep of the tinsmith's family she went out into the light rain; it quieted and cooled her.

In the morning as she was helping the neighbor's wife, wringing and rinsing the wash, in the brook, a carriage stopped in the street. The coachman, who had tassels both on his cap and coat, descended and entered the tinsmith's house.

"You had better wring the sheet out, Barbro. It will probably be the last thing you will do here," said the neighbor's wife, "for there is the consul wagon itself."

Barbro wrung the sheet until there was not a drop of water left. The time had come.

She went in and changed the child's clothing. It seemed as if she was unconscious and did not feel it in her arms.

She saw the servant pay six dollars cash to the tinsmith's wife. Stiff and tall and stately as he was, with such a large and aristocratic nose, he bowed each time she looked at him, and said:

"There is no hurry—no hurry at all! We never get up before nine o'clock at the Consul-general's, so we have plenty of time yet," and then he looked at his watch.

And every time he looked at his watch in that way she quickly looked at her own boy whom she was now ordered to abandon.

He had fallen asleep again. If he woke up she did not know what she might do. It would probably not be she, then, that would leave her boy.

"No hurry, no hurry," and again he took his heavy silver watch out of his buttoned vest.

It was she now that hurried so much that she did not even look around before she was in the carriage and the tall, stiff-necked, liveried coachman drove her to her predestined fate.

Along in the summer she went with the Consul-general's family to a watering place. There Barbro went and pushed the baby carriage with the two little ones in it, over the sands, and more than once the Wejergangs were flattered by hearing passers-by exclaim, "What a healthy nurse!"

But even with her they were to have trouble. She had attacks of melancholy to which she succumbed completely. She sat quite red and tired out with crying, longing for her child and refusing either to drink or eat.

This was not an unimportant matter. A nurse must be kept in good humor. The condition of the mind has such a tremendous influence upon the health, and that in its turn upon the child's health.

Mrs. Wejergang caused many good things to be bought with which to cheer her up; she gave her silk handkerchiefs and aprons, and at home the servants were expressly ordered to inquire at the tinsmith's about Barbro's boy.

There was praise and promises and nothing but praise and promises every time Lars from the Consul-general's stopped out there in passing, and when Barbro received such news she became quiet and was glad for a whole month.

That she was appreciated she soon perceived. If she asked or wished for anything she was obeyed as if she was the mistress herself. She had fine clothes, to say nothing of food and drink, and an occupation which, after her experience, she could scarcely call work. Her hands were already soft and tender. She soon felt, too, that she was beginning to love the two little ones whom she watched over day and night.

After the Consul-general's family had returned from the watering place, Barbro one day went out to the tinsmith's.

It was late in the fall. So nasty and muddy she scarcely remembered the road to have been

out there. Shoes and skirts would certainly have to be brushed and washed when she came home again.

She seemed to have a cold perspiration when she thought that she should soon see her boy. But it was best as it was, because now she could pay so well for his support.

When she turned around the corner and had the familiar cracked window-panes of the house before her, she slackened her pace. There suddenly came upon her such a fear.

Then the neighbor's wife whom she had helped many a time, came out and began to talk and gossip. A neighborhood war had broken out in the tinsmith's street, and now that she saw Barbro herself she should know the truth, the whole, exact truth.

The tinsmith's family must not imagine that other people did not also have eyes in their heads. They had pawned everything they owned, and of the tinware there scarcely remained enough to patch their own cracked windows with. How they lived no one around there could guess, unless it was off the money they received for the poor, tortured child, whom they made drowsy with Bavarian ale so that he should not cry. No one would stop there after the police began to watch those who went into the house—not even certain people who otherwise were not particular about their lodgings.

"But if you will follow my advice Barbro, you will send the boy to blockmaker Holman, at the city dock. They are such fine, respectable people, and they have pitied the boy when I have told them how he has been treated out here."

"Blockmaker Holman! blockmaker Holman!" The name was in her ears as with a load upon her heart she stepped into the tinsmith's.

There he lay between the ragged, dirty cradle clothes, pale, thin, uncleanly, with eyes almost red. He began to cry when she took him up; he did not know her and she scarcely knew him!

The disappointment, and all that she felt found vent in a growing wordy anger against the tinsmith.

But at the same time, while she was washing the child, she began to perceive how coarse, heavy and awkward he was in face and body compared with the two aristocratic little ones she was accustomed to. She now understood for the first time how impossible it was for her to keep him.

But the poor boy should go to the blockmaker. Her name should not be Barbro if she did not get

her mistress to put the matter through at once—even to-morrow.

She returned home, her face red and swollen with weeping, and she would not be comforted the whole evening until her mistress came down from the office with the promise that the matter should be attended to.

In this way Nicholas came to be sent to blockmaker Holman.

DEMOSTHENES.

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

BY A. T. LINDHOLM.

CHARACTERS.

PHILIP, King of Macedon.
ALEXANDER, his son.
DEMOSTHENES,
ÆSCHINES,
DEMADES,
HYPERIDES, } Athenian Orators.
ERIGONE, Demosthenes' daughter.
PHORMIO, Demades' son.
ARCHIAS, Captain of Philip's Guard.
A MACEDONIAN CAPTAIN.
DAMON, an Athenian Citizen.
BENNO, Demosthenes' Slave.
HARPARUS, a Macedonian General.
An Archon.
A Priest.
Three Speaking Athenians.
An Athenian Woman.
A Cheronian Woman.
A Macedonian Citizen.
A Prisoner from Amphissa.
An Athenian Messenger.
Athenians, Thebans, Macedonians, Prisoners.

ACT I.

The shore of the island of Ægina—on one side a hillock upon which stands DEMOSTHENES' house. In the background is seen a bay of the ocean upon whose opposite shore appears the city of Piræus, and at a further distance, Athens. It is beginning to dawn when the curtain rises and grows into day toward the middle of the act.

SCENE I.—ERIGONE and BENNO discovered, BENNO looking toward the ocean.

ERIGONE. Dost thou see something, Benno?

BENNO. Nay, not yet:

My dim, old eyes are spying o'er the ocean,
But all, as yet, seems buried in deep night.

ERIGONE. In night, thou sayest? Dost thou not see the morning

Stand at the golden portals of the day,
And spread its purple light across the sky?

BENNO. Impatient champs the span of Helios;
Yet, it may tarry, ere the mighty god
Resumes his circuit of approaching day.

ERIGONE. Ah, he by Thetis' bosom loves to stay!
'Tis ever so—the great and haughty gods,
Invested with omnipotence and power,—
What is to them Earth's low and humble dust:

Prometheus' race, which e'er incites their hatred?
 Whatever evils to us mortals come,
 Disturb not *them*, in their exalted bliss!
 Submission sternly ask these mighty kings,
 And their command meets speedy execution;
 Their smallest wish doth nature comprehend,
 And at their bid her elements obey.
 The tender, loving god will yet abide
 A few delightful moments with his mate;
 Hence, on the firmament he chains the night,
 And bids the wished-for hours not to speed—
 Ah, what is 't to him if my poor heart should break!

BENNO. How thoughtlessly blasphemest thou, O maiden!
 That thou mayest sooner here rejoin thy suitor;
 Before the day thou'rt hastening with thy hope!
 Wilt thou that he, the mighty Helios, shall
 For thy sake only change the course of Time,
 And, at thy bidding, rise above the wave?
 Fear thy complaining may provoke his wrath!

ERIGONE. I ought to fear, when I so easily called
 Forth from thy bosom thine own wrath, my friend,
 And yet thou art one of my race—a kinsman;
 And like myself wast born in wretchedness.
 Alas, like me thou suffer must, and perish!
 Judge me not then severely—well consider
 That I, an exile on Ægina's shore,
 Am doomed here to spend my days in grief and sorrow.
 Ah! the stern Fates, with unrelenting hand,
 Already spin upon my life's frail thread—
 Soon Atropa her iron lifts, and Night,
 Her gloomy kinsman, in his dreary realm
 A place for Erigone has prepared.
 In sway of power he is the equal of the gods;
 His land is cold: for there no sun ascends,
 No fragrant flower from its bud springs forth.
 In dreary silence he sits upon his throne,
 And round him soar black-winged, gloomy specters.
 Soon I shall be like these—ah! may I yet,
 While the last spark of life in me remains,
 Enjoy that bliss which so sparingly gods bestowed;
 For dear 'twas purchased—though without regret—
 Ah! may I yet meet here my Phormio—
 I know it well—it soon shall be the last!

BENNO. What strange misgivings dwell within thy heart?
 Thou must take counsel from thy evil demon!
 While Hebe still protects thy blooming years,
 And health and youth are glowing on thy cheek,
 Thou hast yet many happy years to live!

ERIGONE. And this believest thou?

BENNO. How canst thou ask?

ERIGONE. Hear then, my Benno—but thou'lt keep my secret;

For should my father know my sufferings,
 'Twould only add to his own cup of woe—
 Oh! a thousand sorrows prey upon my soul;
 The health and beauty which to thee seems blooming
 Upon my face is only a deception:
 A mask that I reluctantly put on
 Each morn when Helios in the sky appears,
 That mine own grief may not pollute his light.
 I then subdue the sorrow in my bosom,
 And from its depths—though mine own heart should break—
 I call forth the extinguished spark of joy.

Ay, oft upon my lips canst thou espy
 A mocking glimpse of its departing sun;
 And on my brow—though falsely stamped thereon—
 That peace which hath no dwelling in my heart.
 But ah! not long with me these phantoms stay.
 When earth again is wrapt in night—the fiends
 Of sorrow and despair in my dark soul
 Arise, to take their reasserted rights;
 No balmy sleep then soothes my wakeful eye,
 No tears give solace to mine aching heart;
 With agonizing pain, a fever creeps
 Through every fiber of my burning frame,
 Until I prostrate sink upon my couch.

Ah! 'tis the god of wrath who, in my bosom
 Plunges his deadly arrow of destruction;
 And though, at day, I meet him with resistance,
 At night I am doomed to yield unto his power.

BENNO. But dost thou then forget thy father's love
 When to these griefs thou dost thyself submit?
 Oh! thou art to be pitied.

ERIGONE. Ay, but tell me,
 What would I be if this I did not do?
 Thou knowest well that I am to my father
 The only comfort left for him in life,
 To reconcile his soul unto its burden.
 Should I not spare him the humiliation
 To see, with loathing, mine own misery?
 Thou canst not wish that I shall say to him:
 "I love the son of thy most bitter foe,
 And burn of longing to become his mate,
 Though by the Fates we're doomed to live apart.
 His father persecuted thee; ay, threatened
 To sink thy land in base servility;
 Yet thou must all forget—plead with thine honor
 And bid the haughty yield her principles
 Of sacred duty, when thereon depends
 The future welfare of two loving hearts."
 Oh, say what would be Erigone's worth,
 If, from Demosthenes, she should ask this?
 And if he acquiesced, would he be
 The greatest and the noblest man of Athens?
 Nay! I myself him too highly honor
 To cherish for a moment such a hope;
 And ere such pleading ever shall pollute
 His ear and mine own lips, may I—

(Enter PHORMIO having overheard the last of ERIGONE'S speech.)

PHORMIO. Hush! hush!
 Beware, Oh, Erigone, to make such a pledge,
 Which thou too late regrettest, and no more
 Can be recalled. Immortals may thee hear!

ERIGONE. My Phormio! I see thee here at last.
 Oh this long-sought-for bliss life yet bestows
 Now, when its fleeting moments are so precious!

(Exit BENNO.)

PHORMIO. What meanest thou?
 ERIGONE. I, unrewarded, watched
 From early dawn, over the surgeless ocean,
 To see thy galley hither steer its course—
 I nothing spied but the deep watery waste,
 Still as the tomb, and gloomy as my soul.

PHORMIO. Thou art not happy!

ERIGONE. Phormio, say not this—

Thou art with me—I feel thy hand press mine—
But thou hast tarried long—

PHORMIO. Oh! chide me not;
My thoughts forever dwell upon these shores—
But urgent duties often call me hence.
Athens no longer is my father's home.

ERIGONE. Have then avenging gods him driven thence?
Pardon, for though the son is dear to me,
I still remember what the father is—
Ah, it is written in my heart with fire!

PHORMIO. He has to-day set off for Philip's camp.
ERIGONE. And thou?

PHORMIO. Must do what a son's duty tells me:
Follow my father as thou'st followed thine.

ERIGONE. But what a difference between these men!

PHORMIO. Still, must I not forget a son's devotion.

ERIGONE. But, Phormio, does thine own heart dictate it?

PHORMIO. The gods—not we—must judge betwixt our fathers;

Their paths do widely differ—still I hope
They'll meet some day as friends. Alas, the Fates
Have given unto them unequal shares—
Thy father's gifts: his elevated soul,
His eloquence, his genius—his daughter—
All these the generous gods laid on his scales,
While less ennobling were my father's gifts.
To him was given only fickle Fortune
And opportunities to gather wealth.
Yet, 'twixt these two, thus even stand the scales
That neither one doth miss each other's gifts.
Whilst one is favored with success and fortune,
The other is content with having earned them.

ERIGONE. "Their paths do widely differ"—it is true!
And when the vale shall reach the mountain level,
And fortune once shall mated be with virtue,
And Philip's friend, the ally of oppression,
Becomes the friend of liberty and law—
Then shall these two be reconciled as friends,
And then—Oh then, first strikes our nuptial hour!

PHORMIO. Ah, cruel one, dost thou deny me hope?

ERIGONE. My Phormio! Ah, childhood's happy dreams

Entice thy senses—thou hast even hope?

Thou must be happy.

PHORMIO. Why then give up hope?
Dost thou not know the tender one was sitting
With Hope's sweet budding flower on Pandora's urn?

ERIGONE. Ay, but when there delusively she sat,
And in her bosom hid an unborn bliss,
The flood of Evil overspread the earth,
And sank it into night of deep despair!

PHORMIO. Thou art not well, Oh, Erigone!

ERIGONE. Not perhaps

A little while ago—yet now 'tis over—
But time doth pass; and here thou must not stay;
For lo! the sun is high upon the sky.

PHORMIO. Dost thou then wish so soon to separate?

ERIGONE. Alas! thus fleet away joy's happy moments;
With thee they came—with thee shall soon depart.

PHORMIO. Oh say not this. Far hence I soon must go,
And hard will be the pathway I shall tread.
Cast therefore no new thorns upon my way;

But let me gladly cherish this fond thought,
That thou art happy in thy love.

ERIGONE. Believe me,
That for this highest bliss I thank the gods!
So far as earthly happiness was given
To poor humanity, born but to suffer,
'Twas given me my father's honored name,
The plighted faith of a most noble youth,
And the proud thought of being worthy them,
Which fills my heart and elevates my soul;
This is my happiness. Oh, Phormio,
Thinkest thou I would exchange it for another?

PHORMIO. Thou buidest, then, no hope upon the future?

ERIGONE. How wretched would I be if I should need it!

PHORMIO. Yet many a bliss lies hidden in its bosom;
Do not debar me of my fondest hope!

ERIGONE. My Phormio! Oh, may the future shed
Over thy path joy's bright and radiant sky;
And health's unfading wreath—the golden laurel—
In blissful peace adorn thy noble brow;
This is the highest wish I ask of heaven,
And shall be happy knowing thou art so.

PHORMIO. Bride of my heart, when shall again I meet thee?

ERIGONE. Doth not tomorrow bring thee here again?
Or dost thou shun to meet me on this shore?

PHORMIO. Thou dost forget I'm off for Philip's camp.

ERIGONE. Ye gods!

PHORMIO. Ah! soon for me shall but remain
The stern reality of my last hope—

And thus depressed, wilt thou I depart?

ERIGONE. Believe then what may happen: so't must be!
How alter that which gods cannot undo?
But tarry not—my gaze shall follow thee
Over the trackless ocean from this shore.
Though land and sea soon hide thee from my view,
Still shall my love, my longing, be with thee—
Shall reach thee e'en across the Stygian wave!

(*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter DEMOSTHENES from house.*)

DEMOSTHENES. Thou leav'st thy crystal bed, O glorious sun!

Still doth thy radiant light encompass earth;
And life, rejuvenate, thou yet bestowest
From the infinite space—thy royal throne!
All creatures glad thee hail; ay, buoyant, free,
They bask themselves in thy benignant gaze.
It is but I who meet thee with my sorrow,
When, at thy coming, thou dost show to me
That land o'er which I ever weep and mourn.
Lo! where departing Night her dusky veil
Lifts from yon monuments of fallen heroes,
I see the lofty dome of Pallas' temple
Bathed in purple light. Oh, glorious vision!
Yonder, by her gigantic walls environ'd,
I spy Pireus—mistress of the sea,
Where, shielded by Posiedon, Commerce pours
With magic wand the golden rain of plenty!
Oh! Athens, what have I then done to thee,
That him, who loved thee most, thou hast disowned?
Ungrateful one! Ah, thinkest thou in my soul

A single thought or feeling ever dwelt
The seed of which was sown not for thy weal,
Or not its fruit intended for thine honor?
Dost thou not need me longer? Art thou then
Possessed of so much wisdom, so much power,
So great, so rich, that thou hast sons to spare,
And with indifference canst me ignore?
Ah! cruel one! If thou need'st me no longer
Dost thou not know that I have need of thee?

(Enter BENNO.)

(After a few moments of deep and mournful silence,
looking towards the house, he discovers BENNO.)

SCENE II.

(DEMOSTHENES, BENNO.)

DEMOSTHENES. Ah! thou art here, my Benno? Friend
come hither. (BENNO advances.)

BENNO. I feared, O master, to disturb the prayer
Which thou each morn dost render to the sun.

DEMOSTHENES. How knowest thou that to the sun I
pray?

BENNO. I've often seen that, at the early dawn,
Thy tearful eyes are turning toward the east,
And with uplifted hands in deep devotion,
Thou prayest to the mighty Helios.

DEMOSTHENES. Ah! 'Tis another god to whom I lift
My hands in prayer. 'Tis to my life's bright sun!
Yonder, across the bay, she sits enthroned,
Who takes mine offerings, my prayers, my tears—
The far-famed land of genius and of art.

BENNO. And yet, how has this land rewarded thee
For all that thou hast labored in its cause?
Where are the thanks thou hast so well deserved,
And where the laurel once so nobly won?
What treasures didst thou gather in its service
But sleepless nights, days of incessant toil,
A scanty praise, and a most base injustice?
These are the trophies of a life thus spent
Among a people boasting of their virtue,
Whose greatness still thou ceaseest not to praise.
And moreover, when, to their own dishonor,
They banished from their shore the noblest son,
Thou didst depart as meekly as a lamb,
To give them, not what they deserved, thy scorn;
But tears, kind wishes and devoutful prayers.
Waste not thy grief over a thankless state,—
A cruel mother to her noble sons,—
But bid thine eyes spare these abundant tears
For one who's nearer to thy heart, more worthy
Of thine anxiety, thy tender care,
Ere they too late shall fall upon her dust.

DEMOSTHENES. What meanest thou? I fathom not
thy speech.

BENNO. Can not a father's heart interpret it?

DEMOSTHENES. My daughter—?

BENNO. Ay, she is approaching near
A death proceeding from a broken heart!

DEMOSTHENES. Ye gods! and this ye still have left
for me?

Shall then your anger never be at end?

Ye've robbed me of the best things upon earth:

Ay, country, honor, peace! And now ye'll take

My daughter? Pray, forget she's of my blood,

And spare her to me! But how knowest thou? Speak!
To know my sorrow shall relieve its burden.

BENNO. Hast thou not seen with how much fortitude
She bears the burden of the many woes
Which the stern fates have laid upon her shoulders?
Her wounded heart and the disgrace of exile—
Too kind to disregard her father's wish,
Howe'er at variance with her own heart,
She suffers hopelessly, yet without murmur.

DEMOSTHENES. I know that Phormio has won her
heart,

And he is worthy of her. Ay, my hand
Would gladly have this union consummated,
If—but the Fates have otherwise decreed.
Howe'er, I know that love in two young hearts
Cannot be easily quelled by parents' feuds;
Nay, 'tis increased by the restraint it meets,
And often nurtured by its own despair.
But Erigone knows that her own father,
Unled by rash ill-humor or indulgence,
Discriminates between paternal love
And the grave duties of a citizen.
Hence will I not refuse what may promote
Her happiness—yet cannot give approval.
She has in this respect my views regarded,
And therefore made a secret of her love.
This noble sense of duty I admire,
Yet thought—betwixt my daughter and myself
It was the only secret—but perhaps
I am mistaken—has she any other?

BENNO. One only, and it is her sufferings;
And thou must know them all. Though well I know
Her silence is the meek obedience
To duty, and the dictate of her heart,
Yet it becomes my duty to reveal it
While it is time to save her from destruction.
Know, then, that she, still in her life's fair spring,
Bears in her stricken heart the chills of autumn;
And towards her the messenger of Death,
A long-expected bridegroom, is approaching.
She meets him without fear. But the disguise
To which she painfully subjects herself,
Shall bring her nearer unto dissolution.
The calm and tranquil eye, the smiling lip,
Are the fond offerings she brings her father.
But ah! the fever-glow on her pale cheek
Is the faint glimmer of the dying sun
When over earth Night spreads his darksome wings.

(After a long pause.)

DEMOSTHENES. What ill foreboding! Ah, I knew it
well!

'Twas evil—hence did not deceive—yet long
Mine own heart contradicted the belief
That in her bosom dwelt a silent grief,
Which, of forbearance, she from me kept secret;
And, though her pure and noble soul may bravely
Resist these poignant sorrows, yet, ere long
Must her frail body fall to them a prey.
It is then true! And this last consolation,
Still to belong unto an earthly being,
Shall thus be torn from out my bleeding heart!

BENNO. Still this is but a far-off, threatening blow
Ere thou shalt feel its weight seek to prevent it.

Thou lovest her, and thou art wise and kind—

DEMOSTHENES. Oh! if I could, think'st thou I would not save

Mine own dear child from death? Mine own heart's blood?

But, can the rain-drop melt the solid rock?

The motes of human wisdom, human power.

Ah, what are they against the mighty gods?

And these are agents only, executing

The stern, immutable decrees of Fate!

Whatever bounteous gift was given us

Was given but to mock at our defects;

And when in the paternal breast was sown

The seed of hate, to add unto its woe

And bitterness, a counteracting flame

Was kindled in the bosom of the child.

Smother the hate, or quench this flame of love!

Thus, only, Erigone's life is spared.

But should an all-wise power not so direct,

I still must suffer—and my daughter—die.

BENNO. Why then this feud continue? Canst thou not be reconciled?

DEMOSTHENES. Ay, my friend,

To anything consistent with mine honor.

To save my daughter and my fondest hope,

I gladly would extend a friendly hand

To Phormio's father, but to bondage—never!

BENNO. Pardon! I'm but a slave, and scarcely know

What ye free men call honor, for in this

Most noble feeling not the slave doth share.

Yet Nature's voice that whispers through the soul

And feelings of the heart, he comprehends.

Pray, thou must not be angry with my speech—

DEMOSTHENES. Hush! good old man, thus slight not my misfortune.

Thyself a slave? Would that I were so free!

That virtue, hoarded up for fourscore years,

Which, like a guardian god, doth follow me!

Ay, he who, by his zeal and simple wisdom,

Promotes my welfare and regards mine honor,

Must be—if he so will—my friend, mine equal!

But tell me, is it my dear daughter's wish

That I should sacrifice—?

BENNO. Nay, do her justice!

She loves thee too sincerely, not to share

In all thy views, as well as thy misfortune;

For if it were not so, if she could fail

In duty which she owes her noble father,

Think'st thou that she would be thus dear to me,

Or that her sufferings so touched my heart,

That before thee, I'd plead in her behalf?

DEMOSTHENES. Thou'st thyself betrayed! Ah! now I recognize

Again my daughter and my faithful friend!

Oh, gods! what treasures still reserved for me

In these companions. Ah! my native land,

When only me thou did'st intend to banish,

Thou did'st deprive thyself of all this virtue!

Ay, thy revenge on me falls on thyself!

But—where's my daughter?

BENNO. She's approaching thee.

(Enter ERIGONE excitedly rushing toward DEMOSTHENES.)

ERIGONE. Oh father!

DEMOSTHENES. My dear daughter, what excites thee?

ERIGONE. A ship from Athens is landing in the harbor, Amidst the people's shouts thy name is mingled.

Ah! they may seek thee, ay, may take thy life!

Fly! save thyself!

BENNO. Ye heavens! can it be

That even here thou must be persecuted?

Oh, haste thee, haste!

DEMOSTHENES. (To BENNO.) Be quiet. (To ERIGONE.) Calm thy fears!

Why should I fly from mine own countrymen?

What harm means Athens now? Alas! what new

And untried wrong, what greater misery

Can be inflicted upon me by this people?

Is not the climax reached?—My banishment!

But am I right? 'Tis Damon, mine old friend!

Ah! he is not a messenger of evil.

(Enter DAMON and CITIZENS.)

CITIZEN. Hail thee, Demosthenes, hail!

DEMOSTHENES. Oh, my senses!

Deceive me ye? Do these ejaculations

Filling the air express a people's wrath?

Oh! faded memories of departed days!

DAMON. They shall arise again with brighter luster!

DEMOSTHENES. What message bringest thou?

DAMON. The gods of Athens,

Who still benignantly yield her protection,

Have waked her people up to sense of justice.

They see now, in the moment of their danger,

What grievous wrongs, unmerited, were heaped

Upon the man, who, both by his wise counsel

And brilliant statesmanship, above all others,

Was fit to lead them to defense and honor;

And, having brought thine enemies to silence,

Now with united voice bid thee return.

DEMOSTHENES. Oh, gods! can this be true? But thou That danger threatens? [did'st say]

DAMON. Ay, against our city

The Macedonian king doth mass his forces;

And restless as a tempest-ridden sea,

The people's tossed upon each tide of thought,

'Twixt fear and courage wavering, they sue

To-day for war, to-morrow for surrender;

And thus an easy prey to their impulsion,

They need, if ever, now thy helping hand

To re-unite their forces—and thy voice

To spur them forward to decisive action.

Down in yon harbor lies a stately ship,

Having been hither brought for thy disposal,

And on yon shore a people jubilant

Awaits thy coming.

DEMOSTHENES. Then let us not tarry;

My friends and countrymen, come, follow me!

ERIGONE. Ah! why again thee throw upon that sea,

Where, midst its hidden reefs, thou'st sought adventures,

And where, alas, thy fortune once was wrecked?

Oh! perhaps thou wilt never see the shore.

DEMOSTHENES. I'm an Athenian citizen! My country

Demands my service—for it is in peril—

What good advice wilt thou, my daughter, give?

ERIGONE. This very moment to embark for Athens!

(Exit.) Citizens shouting.

(End of Act I.)

[Continued in February Number.]

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